THE DAILY PROGRESS.

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BY J. L. PENNINGTON & CO.

(Written for the Raleigh Progress.)

EARTH'S JUBILEE.

The clash of arms has ceased, [illegible]
And the drum and fife beat hushed
[illegible] to battle those whose hands
[illegible] taught to war—and men who once
Were ever willing to unsheath
The fratricidal sword stand 'gast,
To think the dearth conflict o'er;
For in the peaceful palm no more
The [illegible] cling to charm
The [illegible] brain. No more!—
[illegible] the thought indeed to them,
[illegible] to reap a harvest goal,
From carnage field of wrathful hate,
Where brother wrong in brother right
Plunged deeper than the leaden [illegible]
To find the vitals of his kin!
But God be praised, the night begun
Of horror foul and noxious scenes,
Now breaks away as dawn begins
With radiant light to girt the sky—
To them a nation cursed by crowns,
Of kingdoms small and empire great,
And the monarchs claim by pedigree
A right to hold the realm of man.

Such is indeed its mellow light,
That to our minds a pleasing sense,
Gives transport to our souls, and brings
[illegible] consciousness to self
Of [illegible]; when, rather than commit
A wrong on human bliss, we'd die.

God grant the day begun may bring
A lasting, abiding peace, and fling
Back to Mars his implements
Of hurt, till Juno e'en shall fear
To keep erect her posture grand
Of earth's demonics so admired,
And falling spear the fount of life,
So every vital drop run out
And leave her body but a corse.
Then when the day be ushered in—
And the hideous night is past,
When swordsmen lay their swords aside
And muskets non-projectiles cast,—
When weapons all no more are known
For angry use, but lay secure
In armory, then, then it shall be
When Earth have a jubilee.

This one desire may Heaven decree,
And grant to our America,
That soon the day desired may be,
Our own, our posterities.

P. D. C., 184th N. Y. S. Vols.

Tuesday, April 18th 1865.

[From the Chicago Tribune, April 4, 1865.]

NORTH CAROLINA UNIONISTS.

WHO THEY ARE AND WHAT THEY ARE.

MONTEZUMA, Iowa, March 31, 1865.

Editors Chicago Tribune.—I see published in your paper of the 30th ult., what purports to be "a list of Senators and Representatives and other public men throughout the South, who are in favor of reconstruction on the basis of the Union construction on the basis of the Union and the Constitution," in which several mistakes occur as to the list from North Carolina, which, by your permission, I propose to correct, and upon which indulge in some explanatory remarks.

The list as published, recites the following names and in the following order: Wm. A. Graham, Senator; Robert B. Badger, M. C., which should be Assistant Clerk of the Senate of State Legislature; James M. Leach, Jos. Turner, M. C., S. G. Quinsey, W. T. Dortch, Senator, J. T. Leach, M. C., T. C. Fuller, M. C., John A. Gilmer, M. C., Gov. Vance, and W. W. Holden, editor of the *N. C. Standard*.

Ex-Governor W. A. Graham, as I suppose every reading man, at least in the United States, knows, was an ultra Whig under the old political classification, and always a violent opposer of secession up to the time when it became absolutely necessary for North Carolina to take a decided stand for or against the Government. After she had seceded it was very difficult to get a public opinion from him up to the time when it became a fixed fact that emancipation was to be one of the objects to be accomplished by the Federal Government, in connection with the suppression of the rebellion. Then it became evident that Mr. Graham was getting more in harmony with the Confederate Government—so apparent was this that the North Carolina Legislature, then as now, composed of a majority of out-spoken secessionists, and lukewarm conservatives, elected him to a seat in the Confederate States Senate. Since which time, prompted by his unyielding pride of opinion and innate aristocratic sentiments and feelings, he has gradually grown more and more a secessionist until when your correspondent left Raleigh, N. C., he was considered by his old political friends as having fully surrendered himself up to the Davis faction, head and heart, boot and spur, except in so far as freeing the negroes was concerned.

Mr. Badger is a young man of some promise, a son of Hon. Geo. E. Badger, of Raleigh, N. C., former U. S. Senator from that State. Young Badger volunteered in the service early in the struggle, and was acting as staff officer in General Lee's army with rank of major, when he was elected assistant clerk of the North Carolina Senate at its late organization. He is correctly represented in the list referred to.

Jas. M. Leach was a member of the old Congress, and notwithstanding he, with the rest of the North Carolina delegation, seceded from that body in 1861, and, I believe, went into the army a short time as captain, is nevertheless a good and true man, and has always been a cordial hater of secession and secessionists.

Josiah Turner is a prominent lawyer of Orange county, and is a new member, having been elected at the last term. The last I knew of his war sentiments, he was for "fighting to absolute subjugation" sooner than "submit to the hated Government." If he is "for peace on the basis of the Constitution, laws and Union," as they now exist, he has undergone a very radical change since his speech in Raleigh a year ago.

W. T. Dortch is a secessionist of the deepest shade, from the hottest nest of seceders, Goldsboro, Wayne county, North Carolina, where he actually disgraced his position by stumping the county to defeat the election of J. A. Everett, Esq., a respectable lawyer of the place, who was polling for a seat in the House of Commons in the State Legislature, and succeeded by a small majority by intimidating his hearers in his public harangues with threats of military arrests and political *bastinage* in the event of their supporting him. Mr. Dortch would consider himself endlessly disgraced if it were generally believed that *he* was a submissionist.

Dr. J. T. Leach is one of the firmest private citizens in the Confederacy. He makes no pretentions to superior statesmanship; but for sound judgment and exalted patriotism he has few superiors, and for unwavering fidelity to principle and justice, none. It was for these virtues the people selected him in preference to the celebrated political gambler, Duncan K. McRae, his opponent, hoping he might be able in some way to assuage the surging billows at Richmond, and thus save the South from inundation and endless ruin. He labored hard and faithfully as the journals of Congress will show, but alas! alas! he was powerless to accomplish good. The legions of devils having emerged from the swine that were choked in the sea and entered into Jeff. and his satellites, no power earthly could save the sinking ship.

Mr. Leach has two or three hundred negroes on his farm in Johnson county, of which Smithfield is the Court House, who have no doubt made good their escape to Gen. Sherman's lines ere this, but there is no man in the Confederacy who will more cheerfully render up that amount of wealth, provided it will restore peace and quiet to his distracted country and stop the awful flow of human gore, than will Hon. J. T. Leach.

T. C. Fuller is a young man of very decided promise. He has but recently appeared in public life, but bids fair to be quite a prominent and useful man, and, I believe, is truly represented in the publication referred to.

John A. Gilmer is a Whig of the old school, and was a seceding member of the old Congress. I have no doubt that Mr. Gilmer has often sorely repented for his course in 1861, and has vainly wished himself and colleagues back in the United States Congress. But that sin, like all others, may be repented of and peradventure forgiven, but the blot will still remain to mar and deface the beauty of his political escutcheon for all time to come. If Mr. G. is for submitting to the Federal Government (which I do not believe), his mind has undergone a considerable change since he canvassed his district for the position he now holds.

Gov. Vance comes next, in the order of the list, and a more rabid war man did not exist south of "Mason and Dixon's line," in December last; so extreme was he, that it was actually surmised he had been sleeping with Jeff. Davis. He, also, is a seceding member of the old Congress, having been elected by the old Whig party to fill the vacancy occasioned by the promotion of T. L. Clingman to the Senatorship. Gov. V. is a man of something more than ordinary talent and by dint of energy has attained to some considerable degree of general information, but is very deficient in literary attainment and those finer embellishments of mental culture—elegance and refinement—which characterize a truly great man. He is a rough, uncouth mountaineer, a self-willed, over-bearing monarchist, or despot at heart, and one of the most consummate demagogues in the State of North Carolina.

W. W. Holden, "last but not least," is the editor of the *United States Standard*, a political newspaper of long standing and wide circulation, formerly devoted to the advocacy of the Democratic party. Mr. Holden is a man of superior intellectual faculties, of thorough training, having been educated to the law, a sound thinker, cogent reasoner and forcible writer, and having been in public for more than twenty years, is thoroughly posted in men and measures, and well informed in political and governmental science. He was sent by his party as a delegate to the Charleston Convention, where he distinguished himself for his earnest, able and untiring efforts to thwart the schemes of the Yancy and Rhett party, and to secure the nomination of a national candidate, that is, a man who would represent the interests alike of both North and South, believing that the putting forward of a sectional candidate would result in the rupture of the Union, and entail the horrors which we have witnessed. At Baltimore, when the Breckinridge wing seceded, he remained in the old pannel.—As a member of the convention that passed the seceding ordinance, South Carolina on one hand and Virginia on the other, having joined the rebellious crew and taken up arms against the constituted authorities, he with aching heart and dampened eyes, like many others of his honest, but misguided colleagues, pressed, as they conceived by the unavoidable force of circumstances, very reluctantly subscribed his name to that unfortunate and ruinous document. He very soon saw his mistake, but too late to retrace his steps. He saw with sorrow and chagrin that the agents selected to administer the remedy intended to heal the sore in the body politic which threatened the life of slavery were worse than the disease itself; and that unless Davis and his coadjutors could be arrested in their mad career nothing but anarchy, with a slave aristocracy, or disgraceful subjugation, with slavery destroyed, awaited the Southern people. Entertaining these sentiments, and being animated by the heart of a patriot and philanthropist, he set himself to the task of trying to abate the fury of the storm, and prosecuted his work to an extent that came well nigh endangering his own life on several occasions. Mr Holden is emphatically for peace under the old flag, slavery or no slavery. So are a number of other prominent men in North Carolina, among whom I would mention Hon. Robert P. Dick, Hon. Thos. Settle, Jr., Hon. R. S. Donnell, Hon. J. B. Shepherd, J. L. Pennington, editor of the *Progress*, and a host of others, whose names might be given. But as for vouching for Mr. Graham, Mr. Dortch, Mr. Gilmer and Governor Vance, your correspondent begs to be excused.

IKE.

ORIGIN OF THE STARS AND STRIPES.

From an exchange, published before the war, we clip the following article. It possesses much historical interest and will doubtless have, for most of our readers, the attraction of novelty:

Speculations have often been indulged in about the origin—that is from whence came the idea of the stars and stripes composing our national flag. Whoever has an opportunity of examining the illustrated pedigree of the Washington family, will be struck with the idea in a moment that the coat of arms of Washington furnished the flag of the country which his generalship made independent of the flag of St. George, and entitled to wear one of her own. The pedigree of Gen. Washington, traced and illuminated by Mr. Gwilt Mapleson, carries back his descent to William de Herthurn, Lord of the Manor of Washington, in the county of Durham, England. From him descended John Washington, of Whitefield, in the time of Richard III, and ninth in descent from the said John, was George, the first President of the United States. The mother of John Washington, who emigrated to Virginia in 1657, and who was great grand mother to the General, was Eleanor Hastings, grand-daughter to Francis, second Earl Huntington. She was the descendant, through Lady Huntington, of George, Duke of Clarence, brother of King Edward IV., and King Richard III., by Isabel Nevil, daughter and heiress of Richard, Earl of Warwick, the Kingmaker. Washington, therefore, as well as the descendants of that marriage, are entitled to quarter the arms of Hastings—Pole, Earl of Salisbury, Plantagenet, Scotland, Mortimor, Earl of March, Nevil, Montagu, Beauchamp, Devereux. The pedigree, which is full and accurate in regard to dates, gives as it were, an epitome of the history of the family. It is surrounded by a border, ornamented by the shields of arms, implanted by different ancestors in right of their wives, as well as some of the quarterings borne by their descendants. The coat of arms of the first John Washington was composed of three stars and three stripes, which form a part of all heraldic bearings of the family ever since. George Washington was entitled to use his ensign upon a flag in the army which he commanded; and in all probability the first one ever made in America was composed of three stars and three stripes, which those who were versed in heraldry would at once recognise as the proper colors of the Commander-in-Chief of the Revolutionary army—the flag of Washington. In time, ten other stars were aded and the flag of Washington became the flag of the thirteen United Colonies. While individuals still live who might have seen the first Washington standard unfurled, or who helped to swell the shout that went up to Heaven when the thirteen stars first spread to the breeze over the thirteen United States—behold! the figures are transposed—thirteen has changed to thirty-two—a tenfold multiplicity from the origin of the flag; and few are aware, as they uncover the head to honor the name of Washington, and send up shout after shout as the stars and stripes are unfurled to the breeze, that the flag they adore is the flag of the name they would honor—the stars and stripes of the arms and standard of Washington. "Our flag is (still) there," and the name of its founder is still here, in our hearts—in the hearts of all the people of the United States, over whom, until the name is forgotten, may no other flag ever wave, than the stars and stripes of Washington.

The Fall of Richmond.

There was great rejoicing throughout the North at the announcement of the fall of Richmond, the press and people everywhere being jubilant at the near approach of peace.

The following extract is from the *Chicago Tribune* of the 4th instant:

The rebel citadel has fallen. Richmond is ours! The news sped through the country yesterday on the wings of lightning, and lighted up the nation with a blaze of glory. Four years ago this month the rebellion was inaugurated at Charleston, in the smoke of cannon hurling shot and shell at Fort Sumter. Four years ago this month loyal men vowed eternal war upon the traitors who dared to drag the stars and stripes in the dust. Four years ago this month the nation entered into a solemn covenant never to lay down its arms till the very nest of treason should be reached and crushed. The vow has been fulfilled, the covenant has been kept. The head and front of the rebellion has been reached and smitten with the mailed hand of the loyal North. Of all the places hateful to God and man, Richmond has been, for four long years, the most abhorred and detested. Not even Charleston, with all its crimes, has been so odious. Apart from its distinction as the rebel capital, it has so embodied the spirit of secession, its press has been so infuriated and the people so possessed with the devil of rebellion, that no other spot of earth can bear comparison with it for all the distinguishing marks of abomination. Upon it has been centered the animosity of every loyal heart; against it have been directed the most powerful armies of the Union; in its defense have been collected the utmost resources and ability of the Confederacy; around it have fallen thousands of the bravest and best of the land; while in its fate, it may be said that the whole world has felt an absorbing interest.

Richmond has fallen, and a day of jubilee has come to the whole nation. We do well to rejoice, for this is the grandest event that ever happened to us as a people. It makes little difference which way the remnant of Lee's army has gone. If Richmond could not be held, nothing can be. The struggle may continue for a brief period, but it will be a hopeless and feeble contest. The heart has been reached. The rebellion is among the things of the past. From the ashes of the rebel capital will rise a new life to the United States of America. Freedom will henceforth be the crown and glory of the Republic. The golden age of America will date from the 3d of April, 1865, when the flag of the Union was restored upon the battlements of Richmond, and future generations shall look back to it with grateful reverence. Thanks be to God who giveth the victory! Thanks to the great captain who led our hosts in this last great triumph. Thanks to the brave soldiers whose constancy and heroism, during all these weary years, have borne us safely through the struggle. Thanks to the loyal men and women of all the land, whose faith has not wavered, and whose courage has not waned. The beloved country, for which so many precious lives have been given, so many tears have been shed, so many prayers offered to the Almighty Father, *is saved*.

We have a home and a heritage, a government, and a flag from which not a star has been erased, or ever shall be. From the midst of our afflictions there has dawned upon us an era of "peace on earth and good will toward men." We have passed through a trial which no nation has ever before encountered and survived. The future henceforth is full of the promise of greatness to America and freedom to the World.

THE NOBILITY OF LABOR.

Extract from an address delivered by W. W. Holden, at Fayetteville, N. C., November 3d, 1856:

I have said, fellow citizens, that agriculture is the chief pursuit of man; yet it is dependent on, and indissolubly connected with the mechanic arts.—They exist together, they flourish together or they languish and decline together. Slight, neglect, injure one, and you injure the other. If the farmer feeds us, the mechanic clothes us. If the farmer looks to the soil for support, and for sustenance for others, he looks to it and labors in it with the implements which the mechanic has placed in his hands. Every ship that sails; every fortification that towers along the deep; every improvement upon our rivers, lakes and seas; every town and city that adorns the surface of the world; every temple dedicated to law, art, science, and religion; every telegraph wire, annihilating space; every steam-car, uniting the interest and sympathies of distant communities; every telescope, sweeping the heavens and bringing other worlds largely before our vision; every microscope, revealing the hidden wonders of the world around us; every printed book, which informs, instructs, delights and elevates the mind; every fabric and contrivance which contributes to our convenience and comfort, or which protects us from the heat of summer and the cold of winter, is the direct result of mechanical ingenuity, industry and skill.

Let no man be ashamed of mechanical labors.—Some of the greatest and best men that ever graced the earth with their presence, were mechanics. The hard hand of toil is infinitely more honorable than the soft hand of sloth and luxury. Rather let the mechanic be proud of his skill, of his industry, and of his usefulness to society. Let him honor his vocation, and his vocation will honor him. The true test of merit is in the performance of duty in whatsoever situation we may be placed. Tried by this test, the mechanics and working men of North Carolina are the equals of any and all others. Be true, gentlemen mechanics, to yourselves, to your country, and to your God. Be loyal to your State and to its interests, as you always have been, and as your brother mechanics were before you, who followed Washington, the farmer, and Greene, the blacksmith, and Morgan, the wagoner, and Sherman, the shoemaker, and Franklin, the printer, in the war of independence. Remember that you are now a power in the State; and that common Schools and internal improvements are constantly increasing your intelligence, your influence and your power. Remember that labor of all kinds, rightly appreciated and justly protected and rewarded, is the happiest temporal inheritance of man. Its fruits are seen everywhere, benefitting, gladdening and blessing the earth. Labor, of whatsoever kind, is the life of the State. When it prospers, all interests flourish; when it languishes, all interests decline. Let us, then, cherish, encourage and honor it; and let the mechanics, whose interests and destinies are inseparably associated with those of the farmers, resolve to do their full part in advancing the prosperity and augmenting the glory of our good old State.

"Toil swings the axe, and forests bow;
The seed break out in radiant bloom;
Rich havests smile behind the plow,
And cities cluster round the loom:
Where tottering domes and tapering spires
Adorn the vale and crown the hill,
Stout Labor lights its beacon fires,
And plumes with smoke the forge and mill.

The monarch oak, the woodland's pride,
Whose trunk is seamed with lightning scars,
Toil launches on the restless tide,
And there unrolls the flag of stars;
The engine with its lungs of flame,
And ribs of brass and joints of steel,
From Labor's plastic fingers came,
With sobbing valve and whirling wheel.

Tis Labor works the magic press,
And turns the crank in hives of toil,
And beckons angels down to bless
Industrious hands on sea and soil.
Here sun-browned Toil, with shining spade,
Links lake to lake with silver ties,
Strung thick with palaces of trade,
And temples towering to the skies."

The Putnam Machine Company have completed, at their manufactory in Fitchburg, a couple of 11-inch cannon, of the Blakely pattern, which weigh upwards of 43,000 pounds apiece. The breech is clad with a thick steel jacket, and this jacket is encircled with steel rings, making a thickness of about 12 inches of solid steel around the castings. They are for the defense of Boston harbor, and cost about $2,500 each.

MISSOURI.

Letter from President Lincoln to Gov. Fletcher.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
February 20th, 1865.

His Excellency, Gov. Fletcher:

It seems that there is now no organized military force of the enemy in Missouri, and yet that destruction of property and life is rampant everywhere. Is not the cure for this within easy reach of the people themselves? It cannot but be that every man, not naturally a robber or cut throat, would gladly put an end to this state of things. A large majority in every locality must feel alike upon this subject, and, if so, they need only to reach an understanding, one with another. Each leaving all others alone solves the problem; and surely each would do this but for his apprehension that others will not leave him alone. Cannot this mischievous distrust be removed? Let neighborhood meetings be everywhere called and held of all entertaining a sincere purpose of mutual security in the future, whatever they may heretofore have thought, said or done about the war or about anything else. Let all such meet, and, waiving all else, pledge each to cease harrassing others, and to make common cause against whoever persists in making, aiding or encouraging further disturbance. The practical means they will best know how to adopt and apply. At such meetings old friendships will cross the memory, and honor and Christian charity will come in to help.

Please consider whether it may not be well to suggest this to the now afflicted people of Missouri.

Yours truly,
A. LINCOLN.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE,
Raleigh, N. C., April 19, 1865.

GENERAL FIELD ORDERS,
No. 15.

Under existing circumstances as regards the relation between our Armies and the people of this State, no more animals or subsistence stores will be taken from the inhabitants without the special directions of Division or Corps Commanders. Great disregard has been shown in many instances to the orders heretofore issued on this subject and many of the poor people of the surrounding country are entirely deprived of their provisions and of their animals which are worthless to us, but of the utmost value to them, to enable them to raise crops for the subsistence of the people.

Extraordinary precaution must be taken by Corps and Division Commanders to provide against this robbing of the people, and the Officers in charge of Foraging parties which will be sent only to obtain food for animals, must be held strictly accountable that nothing else is taken.

Upon application guards will be furnished by Division or Brigade Commanders, to citizens at no greater distance however than five miles from their Camps, and be instructed to arrest all men out of Camp without proper authority.

By order of Maj. Gen. O. O. HOWARD:
A. M. VAN DYKE,
A. A. General.

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE,
Raleigh, N. C., April 19, 1865.

SPECIAL FIELD ORDERS,
No. 92.

1. As soon as the Camps of the different Commands are located, camp guards of Regiments or Brigades will be immediately established, and as few passes as possible granted to go beyond the limits of the encampment.

2. Hereafter no passes to enlisted men to visit the City will be granted without the approval of Division Commanders, the Commandant of the Post having been instructed to arrest all men not furnished with such passes.

By order of Maj. Gen. O. O. HOWARD,
A. M. VAN DYKE,
Asst. Adj't General.

HEADQUARTERS DEP'T AND ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE,
Raleigh, N. C., April 19, 1865

SPECIAL FIELD ORDERS,
No. 94.

I. Lieut. Col. D. Rewick, Chief Commissary of the Army of Tennessee, is charged with supplying with necessary subsistence those families who have been entirely deprived of it, by our forces, within the district named in Special Field Orders, No. 58 dated Headquarters Military Division Mississippi, April 19th, 1865, to wit; From Raleigh West, on the Railroad to the command of Gen. Kilpatrick and North to the Neuse River.

By order of Maj. Gen. O. O. HOWARD,
A. M. VAN DYKE,
Asst. Adj't General.

SUCCESS OF THE 7-30 LOAN.

Our readers will notice that subscriptions to the popular 7-30 Loan are still continued in the most liberal manner. The success of these People's Loans is to the Old World one of the wonders of a Republic. The Government does not seek to borrow in foreign markets; it offers no premiums to bankers, but appeals directly to the people, and with what success is sufficiently shown by the fact that during *forty-three days* they subscribed and paid the cash down for *one hundred and sixty-one million dollars* of the 7-30 Loan. There can be no stronger evidence of public confidence in Government securities. While nearly all other stocks have gone down from twenty to fifty, and even a greater per cent. within a few weeks, all forms of U. S. bonds and stocks have remained firm except the slight fluctuations that are incident to all rapid changes in the money market. Our readers will remember that the subscribers to the 7-30 Loan receive semi-annual interest at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent. per annum in currency, and at the end of three years from June 15th, 1865, they will have the option of receiving payment in full, or converting their notes into a 5-20 six per cent. gold interest bond. The late great decline in the premium on gold makes these notes more desirable than ever as an investment, and it should not be forgotten that their exemption from state or municipal taxation adds largely to their value. There is no interruption in the receipt of subscriptions or the delivery of the notes. All banks, bankers, and others acting as Loan Agents, will pay subscribers the interest in advance from the day of subscription until June 15th.—*Indianapolis Witness.*

MR. LINCOLN'S SUCCESSOR.—In common with our whole people we had indulged the hope that the report of Mr. Lincoln's death might prove unfounded. But we have waited in vain for an authentic contradiction of the report. We fear it is true. We shall doubtless receive the particulars of this most vile assassination in time for our next issue.

Mr. Lincoln has no doubt been succeeded by Andrew Johnson, Vice President of the United States. Mr. Johnson is a native of this City, and, under the blessing of Providence, eminently a self-made man. We know him well. He is a man of first rate ability, possessed of an iron will, and enthusiastically devoted, as his whole public life shows, to the rights and interests of the people. We believe he will make a safe and an able President. He will have the warm sympathies of the people of his native State, and their earnest prayers that his administration may promote the happiness of the whole American people.—*Standard.*

DAILY PROGRESS.

RALEIGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1865.

Terms of Subscription to the Progress.

As we shall be in communication with the Eastern part of the State, with the North and the world in a day or two, we will now receive mail subscriptions to the Progress at the following [illegible]:

Daily paper, one year	$10.00
Six months	5.00
Weekly paper, one year	3.00
Six months	1.50

Money must accompany all orders, or the paper will not be sent.

News agents will be supplied at the rate of [illegible] per hundred.

We Have Enough of Them.

We learn that petitions are being circulated, in certain quarters, inviting Gov. Vance and his Legislature to return to Raleigh and assume their functions, and again extend to us their *protection* (?)—Well, gentlemen may go on with their petitions, but we protest against any more of Vance and his Legislature, for but for them, and their vacillating policy, peace could have been obtained long ago and North Carolina would have been saved the desolation and ruin caused by the presence of large armies. We appeal to Andrew Johnston, now President of the United States, to save his native State from such a tyranny; and we appeal to all military and civil authorities of the government to give us protection and a military government until the people of the State can assemble at the polls, and without fear or menace, elect a Governor, Legislature, and members of Congress. Gov. Vance having fled and abandoned his office he has no more right to ask to be re-instated than our members of the Richmond Congress have to ask to be admitted at Washington. Now that the rebellion is crushed we want to be entirely free, not only from the Richmond usurpers, but from Vance and the toadies and hangers on who have helped him play the petty tyrant over the people of North Carolina for the last two years. But recently, during the last session of the Legislature in January, Vance said to a number of peace men who called to urge him to go for a Convention and for peace, that he had rather live under the King of Dahomy, and eat fried negro babies for breakfast every morning, than to live again under the same government with the people of the North.—And is it such a man that the civil and military officers of the government will look to to assist in re-establishing the national authority in North Carolina? We hope not. That those who have shared with him the patronage, spoils and corruptions of office should seek to have him recalled from that rural retreat to which his cowardly flight led him, is not at all strange, for their bread and butter, as well as political influence, depends upon keeping secessionists and the enemies of the government in office; but that the national authorities will for a moment think of inflicting such punishment, humiliation and disgrace upon the loyal people of the State, we cannot believe.

What the people of North Carolina want is a military government and the protection of Federal arms until they can elect State officers, a Governor, a Legislature, and members to Congress, of unmistakable devotion to the Union. Give them Mr. Stanly, any army officer who is competent, or any body else but Vance, and they will not murmur; but any attempt to reinstate him and the corrupt pack of hungry cormorants that have hung at his heels will cause much dissatisfaction, and make our people feel that, though more devoted to the Union than those of any other Southern State, they have been singled out for special persecution.

As the best evidence that could be given that Vance is not the man to restore harmony and brotherly love between the general government and North Carolina, it is only necessary to say that all the prominent secessionists, (including Davis' late Judge of "Star Chamber," whose name is to the petition to recall Vance and his Legislature,) here and throughout the State, are pleading in his behalf. He has been the obedient instrument of the oligarchs, and if permitted to retain the Executive chair it will not be twelve months before secession and [illegible] North Carolina, and men, as in 1860-61, will be again tarred and feathered on account of their political sentiments.

We have spoken boldly, freely and truthfully, and now we leave the matter to the civil and military authorities of the government to do as to them seems right and proper.

The Situation.

There was no news at Headquarters last night. Hostilities have ceased and the armies are quiet. The next campaign, we suppose, will be to march home to be mustered out. The details will be arranged in a week or two, and peace, quiet and prosperity will hover over the land. Let all good men rejoice at the situation.

Union and Slavery in 1832—What Hon. William Gaston Said.

We make the following extracts from an Address, delivered before the Philanthropic and Dialectic Societies of the University of North Carolina, at Chapel Hill, June 20, 1832. At that time, before mob violence and lynch-law had been inaugurated in North Carolina, the discussion of the evils of slavery was admissable, and the warning given by that great and good man as to the evils of slavery and the dangers of disunion, were prophetic. And had North Carolina then have rid herself of that great evil it would have developed her resources and saved her all the horrors and sufferings of the present war.—GASTON, whose name and memory are revered by the whole people, thought slavery an evil, and had the moral courage so to declare and to warn the young men whom he was addressing that sooner or later it must be blotted out; and now that we are about to be rid of this great clog to our physical, moral and intellectual advancement, the great mass of the people will soon see that the distinguished man from whom we quote was right, and that the change will bring untold advantages and inestimable benefits to them.

We copy these extracts, not for the benefit of the Union men and officers that are now among us, but to show our own people—North Carolinians—that one of the purest and best men the State ever produced, thought slavery a great social and moral evil:

"If to every bounty of Providence there be annexed as assuredly there is, some obligation as a condition for its enjoyments; on us, blest as we have been, and as we now are, with the choicest gifts of Heaven here below—with freedom, peace, order, civilization and social virtue—then are unquestionably imposed weighty obligations. You whom I now address, will, in a few years, be among the men of the succeeding age. In a country like ours, where the public will is wholly unfettered, and every man is a component part of that country, there is no individual so humble who has not duties of a public kind to discharge. His views and actions have an influence on those of others, and his opinions, with theirs, serve to make up that public will. More especially is this the case with those who, whatever may be their pursuits in life, have been raised by education to a comparative superiority in intellectual vigor and attainments. On you, and such as you, depends the fate of the most precious heritage ever won by the valor, or preserved by the prudence, or consecrated by the virtue of an illustrous ancestry—illustrious, not because of factitious titles, but, nature's nobles, wise, good, generous and brave! To you, and such as you, will be confided in deposit, the institutions of our renowned and beloved country. Receive them with awe, cherish them with loyalty, and transmit them whole, and if possible, improved to your children. Yours will, indeed, be no sinecure office. As the public will is the operative spring of all public action, it will be your duty to make and to keep the public will enlightened. There will always be some error to dispel, some prejudice to correct, some illusion to guard against, some imposition to detect and expose. In aid of these individual efforts, you must provide, by public institutions, for diffusing among the people, that general information without which they cannot be protected from the machinations of deceivers. As your country grows in years, you must also cause it to grow in science, literature, arts and refinement. It will be for you to develope and multiply its resources, to check the faults of manners as they rise, and to advance the cause of industry, temperance, moderation, justice, morals and religion, all around you. On you, too, will devolve the duty which has been too long neglected, but which cannot with impunity be neglected much longer, of providing for the mitigation, and (is it too much to hope for in North Carolina?) for the ultimate extirpation of the worst evil that afflicts the Southern part of our Confederacy. Full well do you know to what I refer, for on this subject there is, with all of us, a morbid sensitiveness which gives warning even of an approach to it. Disguise the truth as we may, and throw the blame where we will, it is Slavery which, more than any other cause, keeps us back in the career of improvement. It stifles industry and represses enterprise—it is fatal to economy and providence—it discourages skill—impairs our strength as a community, and poisons morals at the fountain head.—How this evil is to be encountered, how subdued, is indeed a difficult and delicate enquiry, which this is not the time to examine, nor the occasion to discuss. I felt, however, that I could not discharge my duty, without referring to this subject, as one which ought to engage the prudence, moderation and firmness of those who, sooner or later must act decisively upon it.

I would not depress your buoyant spirits with gloomy anticipations, but I should be wanting in frankness, if I did not state my conviction that you will be called to the performance of other duties unusually grave and important. Perils surround you and are imminent, which will require clear heads, pure intentions, and stout hearts, to discern and to overcome. There is no side on which danger may not make its approach, but from the wickedness and madness of factions, it is most menacing. Time was, indeed, when factions contended amongst us with virulence and fury; but they were, or affected to be, at issue on questions of principle; now, Americans band together under the names of men, and wear the livery, and put on the badges of their leaders. Then [illegible] side by side, dispersed throughout the various districts of our confederated Republic; but now the parties that distract the land, are almost identified with our geographical divisions. Now, there has come that period, foreseen and dreaded by our Washington, by him "who, more than any other individual founded this our wide-spreading Empire, and gave to our western world independence and freedom"—by him, who with a father's warning-voice, bade us beware of "parties founded on geographical discriminations." As yet, the sentiment so deeply planted in the hearts of [illegible], that union is [illegible]. As yet, they [illegible] and feel the force of the homely but excellent sentiment, "United we stand, divided we fall." As yet they take pride in the name of the "United States"—[illegible]—May God in his mercy, forbid that I, or you, my young friends, [illegible]. Whenever that day comes, and it be near at hand, when this glorious Republic, [illegible] confederated Republic, which for nearly half a century has presented to the eyes, the hopes and the gratitude of man, a more brilliant and lovely image than Plato, or More, or Harrington, ever feigned or fancied, shall be like a tale that is told, like a vision that hath passed away. But these sentiments and feelings are necessarily weakened, and in the end must be destroyed, unless the moderate, the good and the wise united, "frown indignantly upon the first dawnings of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together its various parts." Threats of resistance, secession, separation—have become common as household words, in the wicked and silly violence of public declaimers. The public ear is familiarized, and the public mind will soon be accustomed to the detestable suggestion of DISUNION!

Calculations and conjectures, what may the East do without the South, and what may the South do without the East, sneers, menaces, reproaches, and recriminations, all tend to the same fatal end!—What can the East do without the South? What can the South do without the East? They may do much; they may exhibit to the curiosity of political anatomists, and the pity and wonder of the world, the "*disjecta membra*," the sundered bleeding limbs of a once gigantic body instinct with life and strength and vigor. They can furnish to the philosophic historian, another melancholy and striking instance of the political axiom, that all Republican confederacies have an inherent and unavoidable tendency to dissolution. They will present fields and occasions for border wars, for leagues and counter-leagues, for the intrigues of petty statesmen, the struggles of military chiefs, for confiscations, insurrections, and deeds of darkest hue. They will gladden the hearts of those who have proclaimed, that men are not fit to govern themselves, and shed a disastrous eclipse on the hopes of rational freedom throughout the world. Solon, in his Code, proposed no punishment for parricide, treating it as an impossible crime. Such, with us, ought to be the crime of political parricide—the dismemberment of our "father-land." "*Cari sunt parentes, cari sunt liberi, propinqui, familiares, sed omnes omnium caritates patria una complexa est; pro qua quis bonus dubitet mortem oppetere si ei sit profuturus? Quo est detestabilior istorum immanitas qui laceraverunt scelere patriam, et in ea funditus delenda occupati et sunt et fuerunt.*"

If it must be so, let parties and party men continue to quarrel with little or no regard to the public good. They may mystify themselves and others with disputations on political economy, proving the most opposite doctrines to their own satisfaction, and perhaps, to the conviction of no one else on earth.—They may deserve reprobation for their selfishness, their violence, their errors, or their wickedness. They may do our country much harm. They may retard its growth, destroy its harmony, impair its character, render its institutions unstable, pervert the public mind, and deprave the public morals. These are, indeed, evils, and sore evils, but the principle of life remains, and will yet struggle with assured success, over these temporary maladies.

Still we are great, glorious, united and free; still we have a name that is revered abroad and loved at home—a name which is a tower of strength to us against foreign wrong, and a bond of internal union and harmony—a name, which no enemy pronounces but with respect, and which no citizen hears, but with a throb of exultation. Still we have that blessed Constitution which, with all its pretended defects, and all its alleged violations, has conferred more benefit on man, than ever yet flowed from any other human institution—which has established justice, insured domestic tranquility, provided for the common defence, promoted the general welfare, and which, under God, if we be true to ourselves, will insure the blessings of liberty to us and our posterity.

Surely, such a country, and such a Constitution, have claims upon you, my friends, which cannot be disregarded. I entreat and adjure you then, by all that is near and dear to you on earth, by all the obligations of Patriotism, by the memory of your fathers, who fell in the great and glorious struggle for the sake of your sons whom you would not have to blush for your degeneracy, by all your proud recollections of the past, and all your fond anticipations for the future renown of our nation—preserve that Country, uphold that Constitution. Resolve, that they shall not be lost while in your keeping, and may God Almighty strengthen you to perform that vow."

MILITARY GOVERNMENT OF THE CITY.

We are indebted to Col. Granger for the following list of officers now in charge of the duty of the police of the city:

Col. G. F. Granger, Post Commander.
Lt. H. S. Sandford, A. A. A. G.
Lt. Col. S. M. Zent, Provost Marshal.
Lt. Wm. B. Norton, Asst. Provost Marshal.
Lt. Geo. S. Daily, " " "
Capt. Geo. C. Almy, Brig. Corp.
Lt. Dilley, Post Commissary.
Capt. Chas. F. Weekes, A. A. Q. M.
Capt. E. K. Merher, A. D. C.
Lt. Ed. Vandusee, A. D. C
9th Me., Lt. Col. Jos. Noble.
115th N. Y., Lt. Col. A. N. Johnson.
4th N. H., Capt. Roberts.
13th Ind., Maj. J. H. Lawsoner.
169th N. Y., Lt. Col. J. A. Colvin.

TAX ON WHISKEY.—A Northern paper says: The whiskey manufacturers try all kinds of dodges to evade the Government tax of two dollars a gallon. But the Government keeps a sharp look out for them. As it costs forty cents to make it, and the tax is two dollars a gallon, while the market price ranges from one dollar and seventy-five cents to two dollars and fifteen cents, the fraud is very evident. The Kentucky distillers try to get around the two dollars tax by paying a five per cent. manufacturers' tax.

The vote of New York on the Court of Appeals amendment, excepting only Dutchess county, is 55,285 in favor, and 80,686 against. Only one-fifth of the vote of last November was polled.

THE LOCAL'S [illegible]

The Local has been detailed for other duty for the last few days, and has had no opportunity to represent himself in his column. However, he has been so full of peace, cheese, sure-enough coffee with sugar in it, codfish, and other almost forgotten luxuries, that he has not felt like saying much, preferring to enjoy in silence his otium cum dignitate. For some time past his stomach has been in a state of rebellion, and not without cause; but he feels that he has now nearly "crushed" that rebellion by removing, to a considerable extent, the cause of it. Rebellion is justifiable where there is a just cause for it, but a causeless rebellion should meet the doom of that headed by one Mr. Jeff. Davis, who in the name of Liberty deprived us of all liberty, and under the plea of "military necessity" robbed us of our possessions and held us in the hands of an iron tyranny more intolerable than the rack of the Inquisition. How many of our best and most virtuous citizens have been ruthlessly torn from their homes, with all their endearments, and incarcerated in dark and loathsome dungeons, to starve or contract disease that hurried them to the grave, upon the charge of being "disloyal!" when the very arch-fiend of disloyalty was embodied in the prosecutor himself. Had he, at the commencement of the war, attempted the half of despotism that he practiced towards its close, the people would have risen in their might and hurled him from position; but he went forward in his tyrannical course, step by step, cautiously binding us in the meshes he wove as he proceeded, until, even if we had had just cause of rebellion against our Government, that cause must have sprung from acts of enormity such as the world has seldom witnessed, if we had not preferred to fly back to it as a refuge.

We do not know that any such incident has ever occurred (probably it has,) but we can well imagine that a brave and chivalrous, though a misguided leader may rebel against his government, and that he and his followers may fight desperately. We can imagine such a chief and his army, after almost superhuman efforts and years of almost intolerable toil and suffering, at last overpowered by numbers, himself hopeless, his troops in despair, and his people on the verge of starvation. Then we imagine such man, out of humanity, giving up the cause, that he may endeavor to save the remnant of his people and avert further calamity, instead of issuing false proclamations and holding out hopes that he knows can never be realized, thereby encouraging his duped followers to further exertions, and heaping upon his soul the foul crime of murder for every man slain after that time. We may imagine such a chieftain magnanimously throwing himself upon the mercy of his foe and saying, "I only am guilty; do with me as you will, but spare, O spare my suffering, helpless, hopeless, despairing people!"

No one will suppose that we have drawn the picture of Jefferson Davis, but that of his antipode. To men of reason and reflection it was long ago apparent that the cause of Mr. Davis was hopeless; he must have known that his people were suffering intensely—cast down, despairing. Yet that stubborn will—that damnable pride, which had "rather reign in hell than serve in heaven," prompted him to hold out false lights and to attempt to inspire a new enthusiasm that he could not feel, and could not hope that any man of common sense could feel; and even after Gen. Lee had been forced from Richmond and Petersburg, with the loss of half his army, in which lay the only shadow of hope, he fled to Danville, and as if in very mockery of his despairing countrymen, tried to arouse them to new exertions and induce them to expose themselves to renewed slaughter; and as the crowning act of heartless infamy he flies to save himself, leaving his misguided people to their fate, and dependent only upon the mercy of their conquerors.

TREMENDOUS SLAUGHTER.—The Federal army has slaughtered not only its millions, but its hundreds of millions—of Confederate money.—The slaughter of the Innocents, in point of numbers, was nothing to it, and we doubt whether the weeping and great lamentation in Rhama was more intense or more extensive over the murder of the babes, than the heartfelt anguish now gnawing the peace and destroying the repose of Southern extortioners and speculators, is over the death of that on which they had placed the very soul of their affections. Heartless speculators—many of them originial secessionists, who encouraged their poor neighbors to volunteer, promising that their families should never suffer—have wrung their Confederate money from the very tears and groans of those families, many of them widows and orphans. Producers of provisions became almost universally extortioners. By their overgrasping they gave the first impetus to depreciation of the Confederate currency, and towards the close of the war they refused to sell for such currency at any price. The first man that we heard of refusing the currency in Wake county was an "original." Now that the money, purchased by them at the fearful price of their souls, lies dead in their hands, who pities them? They have incurred the penalty denounced against the sin of extortion without even reaping any earthly benefit by committing that sin. We pity [illegible] we have no sympathy with their [illegible] sufferings—we rather rejoice at them. They are the ones into whose pockets flowed the mighty flood of Mr. Memminger's issues, while the poor soldier in the field and in the trenches could not obtain a dime of the contemptible pittance to which he was entitled.

And if [illegible] have carried off the produce of those who refused to sell except at prices that it was impossible for the poor to pay, who can have a heartfelt sympathy for them? How they have chuckled over their gains! what magnificent castles of wealth they have reared in their imaginations!—those extortioners and speculators. But their [illegible] has fallen, and it is [illegible] to rejoice that they are crushed beneath its ruins!—They no longer count their piles with eyes glistening with delight and hands trembling with the ecstasy of their feelings. They no longer plot and plan the means by which to add to their already overgrown piles. How sad the change that has come over the spirit of their dreams!—Those bloated pocketbooks and padded boxes and flour barrels of [illegible] are now a source of pain and mortification to them. They cannot bear the sight—they know it is worthless trash, and they hide it away, feeling they have been guilty of a mighty sin without any profit therefrom.—Verily, they may well feel that "all is vanity, and vexation of spirit."

NEW GOODS.—A few sutlers' stores have been opened, and many peddlers are perambulating our streets or exhibiting their wares at the corners, and there are now divers kinds of "Yankee Notions" in our goodly city. We presume there will soon be regular stores opened, with large and varied assortments of goods, wares and merchandize. How homespun will vanish before the approach of calico, and cloth hats and brogans before the march of beavers and boots! Jeans will give way before broadcloth, and domestics retreat at the advent of linen. We have all been necessitated to use the utmost economy, but instead of profiting by the lesson taught us by adversity, when peace and plenty again smile upon us we shall be one of the most extravagant people the world ever saw. We will plunge into the opposite extreme, we fear.

There was no late papers received yesterday, but a heavy mail is expected to-day.

By request we republish the following stanzas in our column where they originally appeared a few months ago:

UP, UP WITH THE FLAG.

Up, up with the Flag,
The White Flag of Peace!
Let the roar of artillery
And musketry cease.
Let the dark War demon
Shrink back to his hell,
And the beautiful Peace-king
Come among us to dwell.
Then up with the Flag,
The White Flag of Peace,
Let the burning of powder
And the flow of blood cease.

Up, up with the Flag,
Unstained let it wave,
The Signal of Peace
Over War's bloody grave;
Let it wave in the sunlight
And float in the breeze,
The emblem of Heaven,
O'er the land and the seas.
Then up with the Flag,
The White Flag of Peace,
Let the burning of powder
And the flow of blood cease.

Let the bayonet rust,
And the sword be broken;
Let deception be damned
And the truth be spoken;
Let the soldiers go home
Where the hearth-fires burn,
And warm hearts are waiting
To greet their return.
Then up with the Flag,
The White Flag of Peace,
Let Freedom prevail,
And Tyranny cease.

SMART CHILD.—"Pa," said a little girl the other day, "was there any Confederate money when Shakespeare was alive?"

"No, my child, what ever put such a thought as that in your head?"

Why, I heard you read the other day that Shakespeare said 'He that steals my purse steals trash,' and what other sort of money could he have had in his purse but Confederate money?"

Pa couldn't answer.

23D CORPS.—The review of the 23d Corps passed off yesterday in splendid style. This Corps has the reputation of being one of the best, if not the very best, in the army. They are certainly a splendid looking set of men.

No *Progress* is issued on Sunday morning.—We make this announcement in order to prevent disappointment on the part of those who, not knowing the fact, might call for papers.

REVIEW TO-DAY.—The 20th Army Corps will be reviewed at 10 o'clock this forenoon, by Gen. Sherman. We believe the 20th is one of the largest Corps in the Army, and a fine display will no doubt be made.

News Agents

And others will please hand in their orders for the *Progress*, the day previous, so we may know how many to print.

NOTICE.

THE GENTLEMAN WHO RODE THE SORREL Mare Pony through Hargett Street on Thursday, and which, if he remembers, was recognized by a lady as her riding animal, will confer a favor by returning it according to a polite promise made to the lady in person, living first door East of the Standard office.
April 22 2t

TO PRINTERS.

WANTED, IMMEDIATELY, TWO GOOD JOB Hands and three or four Compositors for newspaper. None need apply unless willing to work steady. Apply at PROGRESS OFFICE.
April 18-tf